



Charlotte Mason's House of Education,
Scale How, Ambleside, UK, 2009

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place at the end of November.—*Natural History Club.* The fifth Nature Letter was issued to the children of the Club in September. These letters seem to be very much appreciated and to be of real use to the young people. On Saturday, October 2nd, the last excursion of the season for field work took place. About thirty-two members went by train to Wellington College, and then rambled in the woods, under the guidance of Mr. J. L. Hawkins and Mr. F. Tufnail. The chief object of the expedition was to observe the fungi of the district. After finding many varieties, the members had their interest in the subject stimulated by a very suggestive address on "Toadstools," kindly given in the course of the afternoon by Mr. Tufnail. The annual exhibition of natural history collections made by members will be held early in November.

EDINBURGH.—The programme of lectures, etc., for this session will be issued to members at the beginning of November.

DERBY.—We had a geological excursion to Cromford and Matlock Bath on September 25th. The President, Mrs. Parez, and about 25 members with 15 children joined the party, which was led by H. Arnold-Bemrose, Esq., M.A., F.G.S. The idea was to show how to interest children in observation. Mr. Bemrose took us to a cutting at Cromford Railway Station, and made us observe the strata of shale and limestone, their inclination and their different characteristics, &c. He then led us to a limestone quarry where the limestone and chert were compared. After tea at Matlock Bath, Mr. Bemrose showed us "toadstone," a volcanic rock, and on the cliffs above the Derwent we found excellent specimens of encrinites. It was delightful to see how easily Mr. Bemrose made the children use their eyes and minds, how keenly interested they became, and how they enjoyed the work. The excursion was altogether a success. It was arranged that we should meet again in the Town Museum, when Mr. Bemrose would show how the out-door work may be followed up. Accordingly we met again on October 8th, in the Museum. Mr. Arnold-Bemrose explained the order in which the fossils were arranged, beginning with the oldest and ending with a case containing the bones of a hippopotamus, which he and Mr. Daley had dug out of the Derwent gravel, and flint instruments, ornaments, &c., found in Derbyshire. He then explained the order of the minerals, of the sponges, corals, &c. The only drawback was—too great success. Members had brought or sent so many children that even when divided into two parties, we were rather crowded. This made it exhausting work for Mr. Bemrose, but the children were greatly interested.

FARNWORTH BRANCH.—A meeting of this Branch was held at the Vicarage, Farnworth (by the kind permission of Mrs. Butler), on October 11th. Programmes of the lectures for the coming Session were distributed to the members, arrangements made for meetings and the accounts of the last year read. The President and Secretary were re-elected, and the following ladies were elected to form a Committee:—Mrs. Butler, Mrs. Nuttall and Miss Roberts. On November 8th, Miss Beatrice Taylor, of Southport, has promised to give a lecture on "A New Way of Teaching History," illustrated with lime-light views. All members were invited to bring their children and friends.—The Branch is looking forward with great pleasure to the promised visit of Miss Mason, on February 23rd, 1898.

THE PARENTS' REVIEW

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE
OF HOME-TRAINING AND CULTURE.

"Education is an atmosphere, a discipline, a life."

THE NATIVITY.

BY G. K. CHESTERTON.

The thatch of the roof was as golden,
Though dusty the straw was and old;
The wind was a peal as of trumpets,
Though blowing and barren and cold.
The mother's hair was a glory,
Though loosened and torn,
For under the eaves in the gloaming—
A child was born

Oh! if man sought a sign in the deepest,
That God shaketh broadest His best;
That things fairest, are oldest and simplest,
In the first days created and blest.
Far flush all the tufts of the clover,
Thick mellows the corn,
A cloud shapes, a daisy is opened—
A child is born.

Though the darkness be noisy with systems,
Dark fancies that fret and disprove;
Still the plumes stir around us, above us,
The wings of the shadow of love.
Still the fountains of life are unbroken,
Their splendour unshorn;
The secret, the symbol, the promise—
A child is born.

In the time of dead things it is living,
 In the moonless grey night is a gleam;
 Still the babe that is quickened may conquer,
 The life that is new may redeem.
 Ho! princes and priests, have ye heard it?
 Grow pale through your scorn;
 Huge dawns sleep before us, stern changes—
 A child is born.

And the mother still joys for the whispered
 First stir of unspeakable things;
 Still feels that high moment unfurling
 Red glories of Gabriel's wings.
 Still the Babe of an hour is a master,
 Whom angels adorn,
 Emmanuel, Prophet, Anointed—
 A child is born.

To the rusty barred doors of the hungry,
 To the struggle for life and the din;
 Still with brush of bright plumes and with knocking,
 The kingdom of God enters in.
 To the daughters of patience that labour,
 That weep, and are worn;
 One moment of love and of laughter—
 A child is born.

And till man and his riddle be answered,
 While earth shall remain and desire;
 While the flesh of a man is as grass is,
 And the soul of a man as a fire.
 While the daybreak shall come with its banner,
 The moon with its horn;
 It shall stay with us, that which is written—
 A child is born.

And for him who shall dream that the martyr
 Is vanished, and love but a toy;
 That life lives not through pain and surrender,
 Living only through self and its joy.
 Shall the Lord God erase from the body
 The oath he hath sworn?
 Bend back to thy work, saying only—
 A child is born.

THE PARENT AS PROPHET.*

BY REV. A. J. W. CROSSE,

Vicar of Rye.

WHEN I lived in what is sometimes called a "state of single bliss," I used to find it easier to exhort parents—and especially mothers—about their parental duties, than I find it now. How many a time, as an inexperienced bachelor, did I almost wax eloquent in the enunciation of ideal principles which should guide parents in the important matter of training up a child in the way it should go! Since I became a parent myself, and have got a look from *the inside* at the difficulties and responsibilities of a parent, and especially of a *mother*, I find I am not quite so ready of tongue to lecture parents, though my heart beats with a fuller sympathy for them now than ever it did in bachelor days.

I. *The Prophet's Training.*—It is easy to be a *doctrinaire* on the subject of parental duties, but to be a *prophet* one must graduate in the university of the nursery, where the professors are one's own babies. The lord and master of the house, must, *as a father*, condescend to climb down from the dizzy height of fancied omniscience about the government of children, and humble himself to learn the very elements of the important science from those little babies themselves. He must let the *mother* initiate him into those mysteries of child-nature which the *woman* seems instinctively to understand, but which a mere man can never begin to comprehend until he frankly acknowledges the woman's infinite superiority in the craft, and willingly yields himself as her pupil. It won't do to shirk the whole matter, and put it on the woman, and call it only woman's work! You can't retire gracefully and leave the mother mistress of the field, but you must just put your silly pride in your pocket, get rid of your foolish notions of the universal superiority of the man, and you must just learn patiently of the mother; for while she alone can teach you many things, she also

* Read before the Hastings and St. Leonard's Branch of the P.N.E.U.